Lod. Who, I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:
Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
I am commanded home: —get you away,
Ile send for you anon: —Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: —hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place; and sir to night
I doe intreat that we may sup together,
You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, —goates and monkies, *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroake would proue the worst.
Lod. Is it his vse?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas:
It is not honesty in me to speake
What I haue seene and knowne; you shall obserue
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Othello *and* Emillia.
Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.
Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.
Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each sillable that breath made vp betweene'em.
Oth What, did they neuer whisper?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?
Em. Neuer.
Oth To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Em I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauen require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wiues,
Is foule as slander. *Exit* Emillia
Oth Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet she'l kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't
Enter Desdemona *and* Emillia,
Des. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chucke come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.
Des What horrible fancy's this?
Oth Some of your function Mistrisse,
Leane procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispatch.
Des. Vpon my knees, What does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des